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THE CHINESE IN THE COLONIES.

For a period of thirty-five years the antipathy of the white settlers in the Australian colonies to the presence of the Mongolian stranger has been steadily growing and manifesting itself in a variety of unmistakable forms. 'John'—which is the generic name of the Chinaman in the colonies—has to pay a heavy poll-tax before he is permitted to land; but compliance with colonial law in this respect does not always avail to save him from popular violence. He is not unfrequently hunted away from gold-fields, and bruised and beaten in towns and cities. He rarely attempts to retaliate; he takes his punishment meekly; he accepts rough treatment as his appointed lot, and he thrives under Caucasian persecution. Hitherto, however, the antagonism to the Chinese in the colonies has been of a local and personal character; but a crisis has suddenly arisen, and the Australians are now organised and united in their determined opposition to any further influx of Chinese immigrants. Now that America is legally closed for the next twenty years against the advancing Mongolian host, the colonists recognise the imperative necessity of united action if Greater Britain is to be conserved for the British race and not overrun by an alien population.

The reasons that underlie the hostility of the colonists to the Chinese are plain and intelligible. Immigrants from all other countries can be assimilated and welded with mutual advantage into the general mass; but the Chinaman cannot coalesce with the European, and must of necessity occupy an isolated position. They possess no feelings or tastes in common, and are mutually antipathetic. The Chinaman makes not the slightest effort to rise to the superior level of his new surroundings, but merely transfers his Asiatic mode of living to the antipodes, congregates in an exclusive quarter of his own, treats the laws of decency and health with sublime contempt, and is content to live in such an abbreviated space and limited atmosphere that the wonder is how it is possible to sustain life at all under these insanitary con-

ditions. He differs from immigrants of all other nationalities in another most important and radical respect, for, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the Chinaman is not accompanied by a wife or female relative; and the necessary consequence of this unnatural state of things is that his 'camps' on the gold-fields and his 'quarters' in the cities are notorious for the immorality prevalent in them. He also introduces wherever he goes a most insidious form of gambling, by which young Europeans are oftentimes demoralised and ruined; and he relies with but too much success on the seductive influences of the opium-pipe to attract European women and girls to his dens, and to keep them there as captives to this most tyrannical of drugs. All other immigrants come to stay, and to establish homes for themselves and their families on Australian soil; but the average 'John' never regards himself as a permanent resident, and invariably hastens back to the Flowery Land as soon as he has accumulated a few hundreds of pounds in the colonies.

The last and, from the utilitarian standpoint, the weightiest count in the indictment against the ubiquitous Mongolian is that he slowly but surely throws the white man out of employment, and secures to himself a monopoly of certain favoured departments of mechanical industry. This he is enabled to do by reason of the singularities of his life and character, for he can live on a small daily modicum of rice; he has no wife or family to support; he is never troubled by the demands of conformity to Western civilisation; and he can thus save money out of what would be starvation wages to the European workman. He is willing to work for all hours, and in this manner makes up by persistent toil for what he lacks in physical strength and stamina as compared with his European competitor. Unwearying industry is ordinarily a very commendable virtue; but to the white man, handicapped as he nearly always is by a home, a wife, and a family, it is not surprising that the untiring assiduity of 'John' to the trade of his choice should be regarded as essentially vicious, and should lead to the engendering of bad

blood between the races. The Chinaman is an unfair and unequal competitor, an uncompromising alien, an uncivilised animal, an unwholesome neighbour, and an impossible colonist. That is the sum and substance of the colonists' deep-rooted objections to the threatened multiplication of Chinese 'quarters' and 'camps' on their territory.

The Chinese quarter in the city of Melbourne, the capital of the colony of Victoria, is situated at the eastern end of a long narrow thoroughfare called Little Bourke Street, from which numerous dark and grimy lanes diverge, conducting the venturesome visitor away from the familiar sights and sounds of the modern metropolis into the strange and crowded haunts of the chattering Celestials. The houses in these unprepossessing lanes and alleys are mostly old and decrepit; they constitute the antipodean equivalent to the London slum; but every room is seen to be utilised to the utmost extent. As many as thirty Chinese have been known to find sleeping accommodation in a small apartment which, according to European notions, would not be capable of comfortably lodging four or five persons. In the matter of economising space the Chinaman is confessedly *facile princeps*. The number of bunks or sleeping-berths with which he can surround the interior of an ordinary room passes comprehension, and, in stereotyped phrase, must be seen to be believed. The atmosphere within these extemporised dormitories, it goes without saying, is the reverse of pleasant to the nostrils of the casual visitor; but the regular frequenters apparently suffer no discomfort and are perfectly at ease amidst their noxious surroundings. It is a peculiarity of the Chinese that they rarely resent an intrusion on their privacy, if such a word is permissible in connection with these communistic abodes, and the European visitor is thus at liberty to enter where he pleases and survey the scene without fear of interruption. As a rule, the Chinese evince no recognition of the stranger's presence, maintaining an attitude of stolid placidity, or at most, giving one momentary glance of quiet unconcern. They can thus be studied in the act of manufacturing furniture and various household accessories for the citizens of Melbourne—a department of colonial industry in which they have almost succeeded in gradually elbowing the superior race out of the field. They can be watched as they lie in their narrow bunks, slowly inhaling the intoxicating fumes of the opium-pipe; or, with a look of ecstasy on their pallid countenances, revelling in those gorgeous visions of majestic palaces, tremendous heights, and picturesque processions which the narcotic drug conjures up before the mental eyes of its slumbering devotees. They can be seen in their quaint little eating-houses skilfully plying their chopsticks and philosophically sampling the mysterious viands that are concocted by their favourite Celestial cook. They can be observed whilst intently interested in their popular game of 'Fan-tan,' when they risk their shillings and sixpences on the accidental number of little brass tokens that may happen to be covered by the presiding genius of the gambling-table. And on Sunday afternoons they can be seen in their hour of relaxation, squatting in long lines on the kerbstone in front of their dwellings, and discussing the events of

the week with a volubility and a unanimity that make the locality exceedingly lively and Babelish.

As an itinerant hawker of fish and vegetables, 'John' is a familiar figure all over Australia. With his large and heavily laden circular baskets suspended from either end of the bamboo pole swung across his shoulders, he ambles along from street to street, and generally succeeds in doing a good business with careful economising housewives. It is alleged that the Australians are practically dependent on the Chinese market-gardeners for their vegetable supplies, and that something resembling a famine in this commodity would probably ensue on their expulsion from the colonies. The first portion of this allegation is in a large measure correct; but the second by no means necessarily follows. The fact is that, for the reasons already detailed, the Chinese vegetable-growers were able to undersell their white competitors, and compel many of them to retire from an unprofitable industry. If unfair Chinese competition were checked or excluded, this industry would simply revert to European hands, and the price of vegetables to the consumer would undergo a corresponding but not unreasonable increase.

On the gold-fields, 'John' is detested with a widespread bitterness that has frequently found expression in open violence. He exasperates the European diggers by rarely, if ever, searching out gold for himself, and by coming in vast crowds wherever the white man makes a discovery of the precious metal. He thus reaps a harvest that he has not assisted to sow. He profits by the pioneering enterprise of the European without exposing himself to any of its attendant risks or dangers. He knows by experience that, when it has once been definitely ascertained by the white man that payable gold exists in a certain spot, there is a very strong probability of the surrounding locality also proving auriferous. He therefore spreads himself all over the neighbourhood, prospects in every nook and gully, collects as much gold as he can out of the alluvial, and thus deprives the original discoverers of no small proportion of the fruits of their enterprise. The knowledge that none of the gold thus obtained by alien hands would be circulated for the good of the community at large, but that it would all be carefully hoarded up for transportation to China, intensified the animosity between Caucasian and Mongolian in the mining districts. In the annals of almost every one of our colonial gold-fields, conflicts between whites and Chinese are recorded. The most memorable of these racial encounters occurred at a diggings called Lambing Flat, in New South Wales, when a body of three thousand diggers attacked the Chinese camp, and, after committing many excesses, burnt it to the ground. The aspect of affairs became so serious that it was deemed necessary to despatch the Imperial military forces from Sydney to quell the riot and restore order.

On gold-fields that have been abandoned by the whites, either because they appeared to have been worked out, or because the yield of the precious metal was not sufficiently satisfactory in European estimation, the Chinese always make a good living, and sometimes secure valuable prizes. They enter into possession of the abandoned

workings, resume operations in their leisurely methodic fashion, and are occasionally rewarded for their perseverance by the discovery of a handsome nugget. But 'fossicking' is their favourite pursuit on these deserted fields. This consists in slowly and deliberately raking over the unsightly heaps of upturned earth that are the dismal mementoes of the white man's former presence. The vigilant eye of the Chinaman detects in these hurried accumulations many a minute particle of gold, and sometimes a piece of quartz studded with the precious metal that escaped the observation of his white predecessor; and there is rarely a day on which he does not return to his tent in the evening the richer for this process. In travelling through the gold regions of Australia, no sight is more familiar than the abandoned diggings, dotted here and there with the patient plodding Chinese, each bent low with his handy little rake, analysing the contents of the white man's leavings, or scrutinising the alluvial deposits in the bed of the neighbouring creek.

The Chinese have a New Year's Day of their own, and they welcome its advent by a prodigious discharge of fireworks and a general display of coloured lanterns in front of their houses. On this annual festive occasion the Chinese camps and quarters are seen in a novel and picturesque dress, the repulsive and demoralising features that characterise their every-day aspect being rendered much less prominent in the variety and liveliness of the spectacle. Many Europeans embrace this favourable opportunity to study 'John' in his hour of collective gaiety, to see him lifted for the moment out of his customary animal existence, and indulging in a mild form of aestheticism, to gaze upon his eccentricities in illuminations and the vivacity of his interest in the pyrotechnical performances of the festival. Another annual ceremony which usually attracts a crowd of inquisitive spectators, but has nothing in the nature of artistic accessories to recommend it, is the exorcism of the devil from the camp. The spirit of evil is scared away by the vigorous and prolonged beating of Chinese drums and the shrill wailing of Chinese fifes—a combination of aggressive forces which the most determined demon could not withstand for any length of time.

Few and far between are Chinese women in the colonies; but they seem to be prized in proportion to their rarity, and are seldom seen in public. When they do come under the observation of the Caucasian eye, they are invariably attired in striking costumes of several colours, that give them a butterfly appearance as they pass on their way through the crowd. Sometimes, too, a little Chinese child is encountered, with its incipient pigtail, its miniature velvet smoking-cap, its inquisitive almond eyes, and its attenuated body enveloped in queerly cut garments of the brightest hue. A percentage of the unfortunate European girls who have either been betrayed into the hands of the Chinese or have voluntarily entered their camps, adopt the fantastic costume of the Mongolian female; but the majority of these hapless waifs naturally shrink, even in this deepest degradation, from an act that would seem to imply a total severance of the connection with the world of civilisation without. A few wealthy

and cultured Chinese in the colonies have married white women, and these unions have proved mutually satisfactory; but it must be borne in mind that the cultured Chinaman is a *rara avis* on the great southern continent. Those of them to whom that complimentary phrase could be truthfully applied might be counted on the fingers. In the whole of Victoria there are only two Chinese residents whose figures stand out prominently against the dark background of ignorance, vice, and degradation which the mass of their fellow-countrymen presents to the general gaze. One is Kong Meng, a wealthy Melbourne merchant, and a master of several languages; the other is Cheok Hong Cheong, the only Chinese graduate of the University of Melbourne, an excellent English speaker, and a representative elder of a suburban Presbyterian church. In the colony of New South Wales only one Chinaman has so far attracted public attention, a tea-merchant named Quong Tart, who has laboured hard but unavailingly for the suppression of the demoralising opium-trade amongst his countrymen.

In forcing this unholy traffic upon the unwilling Chinese at the cannon's mouth, the government of Great Britain became guilty of a most unwise and mischievous proceeding, for which the international complications that are likely to arise out of the threatened Chinese invasion of the colonies may be in some sense a retribution. But however this may be, the latest information from Australia leaves no room to doubt that the colonists are firmly resolved never to allow their territory to be overrun by an alien population. They have already between forty and fifty thousand of these objectionable aliens in their midst, and they see clearly that the thousands will gradually grow into millions, and eventually outnumber the European inhabitants, if a strong and effective barrier against the teeming hosts of China is not raised at the right time. The Premier of Victoria (the Hon. Duncan Gillies) has pithily summed up the antipodean situation in a sentence in his recent memorandum on the subject for the information of Lord Salisbury: 'In the infancy of a nation, the question of race is of paramount importance, and the issue is therefore raised, whether in the occupation of this great continent, with all its possibilities of progress, and its opportunities of outlet for the surplus populations of Europe, we are to admit hordes of the Mongolian race, or, on the other hand, to reserve it for those people—our own, or kindred to our own—that have led the van of the world's civilisation.'

THIS MORTAL COIL.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—Continued.

WHEN the hired man from the mews behind flung open the drawing-room door in his lordly way and announced in a very loud voice, 'Mrs Bouverie Barton and Mrs Hugh Massinger,' neither Warren nor Edie was in the front room to hear the startling announcement, which would certainly for the moment have taken their breath away. For communications between the houses of Relf and Massinger had long since ceased. But Warren and Edie were both up-stairs. So Winifred and her hostess passed idly in (just shaking hands by

the doorway with good old Mrs Relf, who never by any chance caught anybody's name) and mingled shortly with the mass of the visitors. Winifred was very glad indeed of that, for she wanted to escape observation. Sir Anthony's report had been far from reassuring. She preferred to remain as much in the background as possible that afternoon: all she wished was merely to observe and to listen.

As she stood there mingling with the general crowd and talking to some chance acquaintance of old London days, she happened to overhear two scraps of conversation going on behind her. The first was one that mentioned no names; and yet, by some strange feminine instinct, she was sure it was of herself the speakers were talking.

'Oh yes,' one voice said in a low tone, with the intonation that betrays a furtive side-glance; 'She's far from strong—in fact, very delicate. He married her for her money—of course: that's clear. She hadn't much else, poor little thing, except a certain short-lived *beauté du diable*, to recommend her. And she has no go in her; she won't live long. You remember what Galton remarks about heiresses? They're generally the last decadent members, he says, of a moribund stock whose strength is failing. They bear no children, or if any, weaklings: most of them break down with their first infant; and they die at last prematurely of organic feebleness. Why, he just sold himself outright for the poor girl's property; that's the plain English of it; and now, I hear, with his extravagant habits, he's got himself after all into monetary difficulties.'

'Agricultural depression?' the second voice inquired—an older man's and louder.

'Worse than that, I fear; agricultural depression and an encroaching sea. Besides which, he spends too freely.—But excuse me, Dr Moutrie,' in a very low tone: 'I'm afraid the lady's rather near us.'

Winifred strained her ears to the utmost to hear the rest; but the voices had sunk too low now to catch a sound. Even as she did so, another voice, far more distinct, from a lady in front, caught her attention with the name 'Miss Challoner.' Winifred pricked up her ears incontinently. Could it be of her Elsie that those two were talking?

'Oh yes,' the second lady addressed made answer cheerfully; 'she was very well when we last saw her in April at San Remo. We had the next villa to the Relfs on the hillside, you know. But Miss Challoner doesn't come to England now; she was going as usual to St Martin de Lantosque to spend the summer, when we left the Riviera. She always goes there as soon as the San Remo season's over.'

'How did the Relfs first come to pick her up?' the other speaker asked curiously.

'Oh, I fancy it was Mr Warren Relf himself who made her acquaintance somewhere unearthly down in Suffolk, where she used to be a governess. He's always there, I believe, lying on a mudbank, yachting and sketching.'

Winifred could restrain her curiosity no longer. 'I beg your pardon,' she said, leaning forward eagerly, 'but I think you mentioned a certain Miss Challoner. May I ask, does it happen by

any chance to be Elsie Challoner, who was once at Girton? Because, if so, she was a governess of mine, and I haven't heard of her for a long time past. Governesses drop out of one's world so fast. I should be glad to know where she's living at present.'

The lady nodded. 'Her name's Elsie,' she said with a quiet inclination, 'and she was certainly a Girton girl; but I hardly think she can be the same you mention. I should imagine, indeed, she's a good deal too young a girl to have been your governess.'

It was innocently said, but Winifred's face was one vivid flush of mingled shame and humiliation. Talk about *beauté du diable* indeed; she never knew before she had grown so very plain and ancient. 'I'm not quite so old as I look, perhaps,' she answered hastily. 'I've had a great deal to break me down. But I'm glad to learn where Elsie is, anyhow. You said she was living at San Remo, I fancy?'

'At San Remo. Yes. She spends her winters there. For the summers, she always goes up to St Martin.'

'Thank you,' Winifred answered with a throbbing heart. 'I'm glad to have found out at last what's become of her.—Mrs Barton, if you can tear yourself away from Dr and Mrs Tyacke, who are always so alluring, suppose we go up-stairs now and look at the pictures.'

In the studio, Warren Relf recognised her at once, and with much trepidation came up to speak to her. It would all be out now, he greatly feared; and Hugh would learn at last that Elsie was living. For Winifred's own sake—she looked so pale and ill—he would fain have kept the secret to himself a few months longer.

Winifred held out her hand frankly. She liked Warren; she had always liked him; and besides, Hugh had forbidden her to see him. Her lips trembled, but she was bold, and spoke. 'Mr Relf,' she said with quiet earnestness, 'I'm so glad to meet you here to-day again—glad on more than one account. You go to San Remo often, I believe. Can you tell me if Elsie Challoner is living there?'

Warren Relf looked back at her in undisguised astonishment. 'She is,' he answered. 'Did my sister tell you so?'

'No,' Winifred replied with bitter truthfulness. 'I found it out.' And with that one short incisive sentence, she moved on coldly, as if she would fain look at the pictures.

'Does—does Massinger know it?' Warren asked all aghast, taken aback by surprise, and unwittingly trampling on her tenderest feelings.

Winifred turned round upon him with an angry flash. This was more than she could bear. The tears were struggling hard to rise to her eyes; she kept them back with a supreme effort. 'How should I know, pray?' she answered fiercely, but very low. 'Does he make me the *confidante* of all his loves, do you suppose, Mr Relf?—He said she was in Australia.—He told me a lie.—Everybody's combined and caballed to deceive me.—How should I know whether he knows or not? I know nothing. But one thing I know: from my mouth at least he shall never, never, never hear it.'

She turned away, stern and hard as iron. Hugh had deceived her; Elsie had deceived her. The

two souls she had loved the best on earth! From that moment forward, the joy of her life, whatever had been left of it, was all gone from her. She went forth from the room a crushed creature.

How varied in light and shade the world is! While Winifred was driving gloomily back to her own lodgings—solitary and heart-broken, in Mrs Bouverie Barton's comfortable carriage—revolving in her own wounded soul this incredible conspiracy of Hugh's and Elsie's—Eddie Relf and her mother and brother were joyfully discussing their great triumph in the now dismantled and empty front drawing-room at 128 Bletchingley Road, South Kensington.

'Have you totted up the total of the sales, Warren?' Eddie Relf inquired with a bright light in her eye and a smile on her lips; for the private view—her own inception—had been more than successful from its very beginning.

Warren jotted down a series of figures on the back of an envelope and counted them up mentally with profound trepidation. 'Mother,' he cried, clasping her hand with a convulsive clutch in his, 'I'm afraid to tell you; it's so positively grand. It seems really too much.—If this goes on, you need never take any pupils again.—Eddie, we owe it all to you.—It can't be right, yet it comes out square. I've reckoned up twice and got each time the same total—Four hundred and fifty!'

'I thought so,' Eddie answered with a happy little laugh of complete triumph. 'I hit upon such a capital dodge, Warren. I never told you beforehand what I was going to do, for I knew if I did, you'd never allow me to put it into execution; but I wrote the name and price of each picture in big letters and plain figures on the back of the frame. Then, whenever I took up a person with a good, coinly, solvent expression of countenance, and a picture-buying crease about the corners of the mouth, to inspect the studio, I waited for them casually to ask the name of any special piece they particularly admired. "Let me see," said I. "What does Warren call that? I think it's on the back here." So I turned round the frame, and there they'd see it, as large as life: "By Stormy Seas—Ten Pounds;" or, "The Haunt of the Sea-Swallows—Thirty Guineas." That always fetched them, my dear. They couldn't resist it.—Warren, you may give me a kiss, if you like. I'll tell you what I've done: I've made your fortune.'

Warren kissed her affectionately on the forehead, half abashed. 'You're a bad girl, Eddie,' he said good-humouredly; 'and if I'd only known it, I'd certainly have taken a great big cake of best ink-eraser and rubbed your plain figures all carefully out again.—But I don't care a pin in the end, after all, if I can make this dear mother and you comfortable.'

'And marry Elsie,' Eddie put in mischievously.

Warren gave a quiet sigh of regret. 'And marry Elsie,' he added low. 'But Elsie will never marry me.'

'You goose!' said Eddie, and laughed at him to his face. She knew women better than he did.

And all this while, poor lonely Winifred was rocking herself wildly backward and forward in Mrs Bouverie Barton's comfortable carriage, and muttering to herself in a mad fever of despair: 'I

could have believed it of Hugh; but of Elsie, of Elsie—never, never!'

CHAPTER XXXIV.—THE STRANDS DRAW CLOSER.

'I feel it my duty to let you know,' Sir Anthony Wraxall wrote to Hugh a day or two later—by the hand of his amanuensis—'that Mrs Massinger's lungs are far more seriously and dangerously affected than I deemed it at all prudent to inform her in person last week, when she consulted me here on the subject. Galloping consumption, I regret to say, may supervene at any time. The phthisical tendency manifests itself in Mrs Massinger's case in an advanced stage; and general tuberculosis may therefore on the shortest notice carry her off with startling rapidity. I would advise you, under these painful circumstances, to give her the benefit of a warmer winter climate; if not Egypt or Algeria, then at least Mentone, Catania, or Malaga. She should not on any account risk seeing another English Christmas. If she remains in Suffolk during the colder months of the present year, I dare not personally answer for the probable consequences.'

Hugh laid down the letter with a sigh of despair. It was the last straw, and it broke his back with utter despondency. How to finance a visit to the south he knew not. Talk about Algeria, Catania, Malaga! he had hard enough work to make both ends meet anyhow at Whitestrand. He had trusted first of all to the breakwater to redeem everything: but the breakwater, that broken reed, had only pierced the hand that leaned upon it. The sea shifted and the sand drifted worse than ever. Then he had hoped the best from *A Life's Philosophy*; but *A Life's Philosophy*, published after long and fruitless negotiations, at his own risk—for no firm would so much as touch it as a business speculation—had never paid the long printer's bill, let alone recouping him for his lost time and trouble. Nobody wanted to read about his life or his philosophy.

Of Winifred's health, Hugh thought far less than of the financial difficulty. He saw she was ill, decidedly ill, but not so ill as everybody else who saw her imagined. Wrapped up in his own selfish hopes and fears, never really fond of his poor small wife, and now estranged for months and months by her untimely discovery of Elsie's watch, which both he and she had entirely misinterpreted, Hugh Massinger had seen that frail young creature grow thinner and paler day by day without at any time realising the profundity of the change or the actual seriousness of her failing condition.

He went out into the drawing-room to join Winifred. He found her lying lazily on the sofa, pretending to read the first volume of Besant's last new novel from Mudie's. 'The wind's shifted,' he began uneasily. 'We shall get it warmer, I hope, soon, Winifred.'

'Yes, the wind's shifted,' Winifred answered gloomily, looking up in a hopeless and befogged way from the pages of her story. 'It blew straight across from Siberia yesterday; to-day it blows straight across from Greenland.'

'How would you like to go abroad for the winter, I wonder?' Hugh asked tentatively, with

some faint attempt at his old kindness of tone and manner.

His wife glanced over at him with a sudden and strangely suspicious smile. 'To San Remo, I suppose?' she answered bitterly.

She meant the name to speak volumes to Hugh's conscience; but it fell upon his ears as flat and unimpressive as any other. 'Not necessarily to San Remo,' he replied, all unconscious. 'To Algeria, if you like—or Mentone, or Bordighera.'

Winifred rose, and walked without one word of explanation, but with a resolute air, into the study, next door. When she came out again, she carried in her two arms Keith Johnston's big Imperial Atlas. It was a heavier book than she could easily lift in her present feeble condition of body, but Hugh never even offered to help her to carry it. The day of small politenesses and courtesies was long gone past. He only looked on in mute surprise, anxious to know whence came this sudden new-born interest in the neglected study of European geography.

Winifred laid the Atlas down with a flop on the five o'clock tea-table, that staggered with its weight, and turned the pages with feverish haste till she came to the map of Northern Italy. 'I thought so,' she gasped out, as she scanned it close, a lurid red spot burning bright in her cheek. 'Mentone and Bordighera are both of them almost next door to San Remo.—The nearest stations on the line along the coast.—You could run over there often by rail from either of them.'

'Run over—often—by rail—to San Remo?' Hugh repeated with a genuinely puzzled expression of countenance.

'Oh, you act admirably!' Winifred cried with a sneer. 'What perfect bewilderment! What childlike innocence! I've always considered you an Irving wasted upon private life. If you'd gone upon the stage, you'd have made your fortune; which you've scarcely succeeded in doing, it must be confessed, at your various existing assorted professions.'

Hugh stared back at her in blank amazement. 'I don't know what you mean,' he answered shortly.

'Capital! capital!' Winifred went on in her bitter mood, endeavouring to assume a playful tone of unconcerned irony. 'I never saw you act better in all my life—not even when you were pretending to fall in love with me. It's your most successful part—the injured innocent:—much better than the part of the devoted husband. If I were you, I should always stick to it.—But it's very abrupt, this sudden conversation of yours to the charms of the Riviera.'

'Winifred,' Hugh cried, with transparent conviction in every note of his voice, 'I see you're labouring under some distressing misapprehension; but I give you my solemn word of honour I don't in the least know what it is you're driving at. You're talking about somebody or something unknown that I don't understand. I wish you'd explain. I can't follow you.'

But he had acted too often and too successfully to be believed now for all his earnestness. 'Your solemn word of honour!' Winifred burst out angrily, with intense contempt. 'Your solemn word of honour, indeed! And pray, who do you think believes now in your precious word or your

honour either?—You can't deceive me any longer, thank goodness, Hugh. I know you want to go to San Remo; and I know for whose sake you want to go there. This solicitude for my health's all a pure fiction. Little you cared for my health a month ago! Oh no, I see through it all distinctly. You've found out there's a reason for going to San Remo, and you want to go for your own pleasure accordingly.'

An idea flashed sudden across Hugh's mind. 'I think, Winifred,' he said calmly, 'you're labouring under a mistake about the place you're speaking of. The gaming tables are not at San Remo, as you suppose, but at Monte Carlo, just beyond Mentone. And if you thought I wanted to go to the Riviera for the sake of repairing our ruined estate at Monte Carlo, you're very much mistaken. I wanted to go, I solemnly declare, for your health only.'

Winifred rose, and faced him now like an angry tigress. Her sunken white cheeks were flushed and fiery indeed with suppressed wrath, and a bright light blazed in her dilated pupils. The full force of a burning indignation possessed her soul. 'Hugh Massinger,' she said, repelling him haughtily with her thin left hand, 'you've lied to me for years, and you're lying to me now as you've always lied to me. You know you've lied to me, and you know you're lying to me. This pretence about my health's a transparent falsehood. These prevarications about the gambling tables are a tissue of fictions. You can't deceive me. I know why you want to go to San Remo!' And she pushed him away in disgust with her angry fingers.

The action and the insult were too much for Hugh. He could no longer restrain himself. Sir Anthony's letter trembled in his hands; he was clutching it tight in his waistcoat pocket. To show it to Winifred would have been cruel, perhaps, under any other circumstances; but in face of such an accusation as that, yet wholly misunderstood, flesh and blood—at least Hugh Massinger's—could not further resist the temptation of producing it. 'Read that,' he cried, handing her over the letter coldly; 'you'll see from it why it is I want to go; why, in spite of all we've lost and are losing, I'm still prepared to submit to this extra expenditure.'

'Out of my money,' Winifred answered scornfully, as she took the paper with an inclination of mock-courtesy from his tremulous hands. 'How very generous! And how very kind of you!'

She read the letter through without a single word; then she yielded at last, in spite of herself, to her womanly tears. 'I see it all, Hugh,' she cried, flinging herself down once more in despair upon the sofa. 'You fancy I'm going to die now; and it will be so convenient, so very convenient for you, to be near her there next door at San Remo!'

Hugh gazed at her again in mute surprise. At last he saw it—he saw it in all its naked hideousness. A light began gradually to dawn upon his mind. It was awful—it was horrible in its cruel Nemesis upon his unspoken crime. To think she should be jealous—of his murdered Elsie! He could hardly speak of it; but he must, he must. 'Winnie,' he cried, almost softened by his pity for what he took to be her deadly and terrible

mistake, 'I understand you, I think, after all. I know what you mean.—You believe—that Elsie—is at San Remo.'

Winifred looked up at him through her tears with a withering glance. 'You have said it!' she cried in a haughty voice, and relapsed into a silent fit of sobbing and suppressed cough, with her poor wan face buried deep once more like a wounded child's in the cushions of the sofa.

AURICULA CULTIVATION.

For some years back the cultivation of this fascinating flower has been spreading, and the recent formation of the Scottish Primula and Auricula Society will give a greater impetus to the pure and health-giving recreation. A few plain and simple directions for the successful management of this sweet and beautiful flower may not be amiss, seeing that it is in many cases not so well grown as it might and could be, if its wants were better understood. Many cultivators, too, lose valuable plants during the winter. This need not be; a very little care and a little knowledge would prevent such losses.

As I have said, the care needed is very little; but that little must be given, as these flowers are sensitive, and will be sure to resent neglect or ill treatment. I have cultivated this beautiful flower for many years, and never lost one that came to me in a healthy state; but when they did not come in that state, I have seldom been able to bring them round again. I will now give a few directions, which will enable any one to cultivate this simple beauty to something like perfection, premising, however, that I write for those not well up in plant culture, and so will be more anxious to write plainly than to write finely.

First, then, the pots in which they are grown should be small, and that for three good reasons. In the first place, the plants are more easily kept in health in such pots; in the second place, they look far better, for no one with an eye for proportion likes to see a small plant in a big pot; and lastly, they take up less room. For plants of full average size, four-inch pots will do quite well; while for those under the average, three-inch pots will be ample. A few very strong growers, if in perfect health, will need five-inch pots. Next comes the drainage, which should be perfect. Into the bottom of a thoroughly clean and dry pot put, first, a potsherd large enough to cover the hole; then pack all round it other bits as close to each other as you can; then, on these put smaller bits over any open spaces, finishing with a good sprinkling of bits the size of peas or so. Over all, press some clean moss, thus forming a filter, which allows the superfluous water to escape, and at the same time prevents any particles of soil being carried in to choke the drainage, which would result in the soil becoming sour and unhealthy. For the compost: it should consist of good loam from rotten turf, and very rotten manure. A safe proportion is two parts loam and one manure, to which add a good dash of clean sharp sand. Those who have not much experience in watering might with great advantage add one-fifth part of wood-charcoal in lumps from the size of peas to that of broad beans. As to the state of the soil: it should not be clammy or very

dry, but to the dry side, and friable, with plenty of fibre in it, and not too fine.

Re-potting may be done any time from the middle of June to September. The first-mentioned month is the best, because it gives the plants time to fill their pots with roots before winter sets in, a matter of the greatest importance.

In potting, take the plant to be operated upon, turn it out of its pot, and shake away all the old soil. As the auricula plant grows older, the lower leaves keep dying off, and if left alone, would in time form a long bare stem. To prevent this, the plant, at every re-potting, is sunk up to the lower leaves; and it is from this new part, so sunk, that the best roots will be produced for the support of the plant next year. But the stem thus buried if let alone would soon get to be of an inconvenient length; hence the lower part should be cut off with a sharp knife; and if all has gone well with the plant since last re-potting, abundance of fine healthy white roots will remain on the upper part. Putting some of the compost into one of the prepared pots, press it moderately with the ends of your fingers; heap some more in the centre in the form of a mound, on the top of which set your plant, adjusting the roots all round the sloping sides. As many of the fibres as possible should touch the sides of the pot; and if they happen to be too long to be thus adjusted without doubling them up, trim them to the proper length with a sharp knife, then put in some soil evenly and firmly all round. If this operation has been properly performed, the lower leaves of the plant will be level with the surface of the soil, and half an inch or a little more will be left between that and the top of the pot, to hold water.

As this is supposed to be your first trial at auricula potting, you may have sunk the plant too deep, or not deep enough. In that case, just do it over again; and this first experience will have taught you to do all the rest right without more ado. I do not water my plants immediately after re-potting, but put them into the frame, shut them close, and keep them well shaded. If they do not require water for eight days or more, all the better. But the soil must not be allowed to get very dry, and when the necessity for watering arises, it must be done thoroughly. To make sure of this, two applications will be necessary, allowing an interval of a few hours between. After this thorough first watering, one application will be enough each time it is needed.

With regard to watering, it is curious to note the erroneous notions many people have about it. A lady will sometimes ask me: 'Gardener, when should I water my plants?' Another one will say: 'I had a most beautiful plant which I bought at a nursery, and though I gave it plenty of water every day, it died.' Not long since, one of the most amiable gentlemen I have ever met, said to me: 'My plants are not looking so well to day; I think I must have given them too much water yesterday.'

If the soil in the pots is of the right texture and the drainage in proper order, and if the plant needs water, too much cannot be given at one application. The pots must be filled to overflowing, so as to make sure that the whole soil is thoroughly moistened; the superfluous water will

escape by the drainage. But if a plant often gets water when it does not need it, it will result in injury. A plant should be watered just when it requires it, and at no other time. The careful cultivator will learn to know the time sooner than he thinks. From time to time examine the soil in the pots, and if it be found to be neither wet nor dry, but in a state between the two, watering will only do harm. But as soon as the surface looks a little dusty-like, water will be required.

In giving directions for re-potting, I forgot to speak about the offsets, or young plants, which will be found growing on the stem of the old plant. These are taken off with a sharp knife, all but the very small ones—which perhaps had better remain on till next year—and laid aside among damp moss, each sort by itself, and properly tallied. If there happens to be any large ones with good roots, they may be put into small pots at once. The most of them, however, will be small, and have hardly any roots, in which case, proceed as follows: Prepare a number of four-inch pots; fill them with the ordinary potting soil; then take a wooden pin as thick as your finger, and make from three to six holes in the soil close to the side of the pot. Fill these holes with moist sand; in this sand make holes with a smaller pin, and in these insert the offsets, close to the side of the pot, the larger ones three in a pot, five or six in the small ones. This plan is much better than putting them singly into smaller pots; they root quicker, and make good plants in a shorter time. As in the case of the older plants, keep from watering as long as possible, also keep close, and shade from the sun. This shading and shutting-up close is to prevent evaporation from the foliage, which would cause the plants to flag, a thing to be avoided. It is a good plan, on calm clear evenings, after the sun is off the frame, to pull the sash off altogether, and let it remain so till bedtime. On such evenings, dew will form on the plants, and refresh them greatly. The sash must, however, be put on again before retiring for the night, as no one can tell what sort of weather it may be before morning.

After receiving their first watering, the plants should get air night as well as day, little at first, but gradually increasing it until they are able to stand a full supply. I would, however, caution all who are ambitious to grow this lovely flower well, that it will not stand wind or bear strong sunshine. If the frame can be set in a situation where the sun will shine on it up to nine in the morning, and no more that day, it will be well. If set in a sunny place, it must be shaded with some light material not too closely woven. This shading may be put on or off according to the state of the weather, if the grower is always at hand and has time to do it. Otherwise, it may be fastened on in February and not taken off till October. In winter, the plants will be the better of all the sunshine they can get.

The auricula fancier who is determined to go into the matter with spirit will have a frame made for the proper keeping of his favourites. One to hold a hundred plants will measure three feet from back to front, and six feet the other way, and it may be four feet high at the back, and two and a half in front. Such a frame may have seven shelves, each five inches wide, rising from front to back in conformity with the slope of the glass, and

sixteen inches from it. The sash of a frame like this is commonly hinged at the top, and can be propped up to allow the plants to be easily attended to. It is obvious, however, that danger would attend raising such a sash during wet stormy weather; and as, even then, a free circulation of air among the plants is highly desirable, other means of attaining that end must be resorted to. It is done as follows: In front of the frame is a ventilator four inches wide, and running the whole length. It is four inches from the ground, and is hinged on the under side, so that, when opened, it falls down of itself, and gives no more trouble. Wind and rain blowing in at this opening can do no harm, as it is under the level of the stage. A similar contrivance is also needed at the back, near the top; but in this case the opening, in addition to the hinged shutter, must be protected by having a strip of perforated zinc fastened over it on the inside.

THE SILVER STREAM.

AN IDYL OF THE WYE.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAP. III.

On the morning following, before Pencraig was awake, Colonel Scobell had fished his favourite stream, aided and abetted by the gardener's boy, a precocious youth, intended eventually for a naturalist or a poacher, as the gods decreed, and succeeded in catching three fish. The three shining monsters were carried up to the house in triumph, and laid on a stone in the dairy, where a well-attended levee was held till breakfast-time. So delighted was the Colonel with this unique accomplishment, that in the exuberance of his joy he proposed a picnic down the river in honour of the occasion. Mrs Scobell, always most happy when her spouse was pleased, fell in with this arrangement. There was not a particularly large gathering at the early breakfast, consisting of the Moffat girls and our trio, concluding with Du Maurier, who had not yet broken the direful tidings of his premature departure. Miss Rashleigh did not put in an appearance.

'We will go to Ross by water,' Mrs Scobell explained. 'When we reach there, we will decide what further to do.—Mr Denton, I am told you are a capital hand at arranging these little matters. Will you help me?'

Denton laid down his knife and fork, and regarded his hostess with a look in which bewilderment and reproach were amusingly blended. With Malvolio, he felt he had greatness thrust upon him. 'My dear madam, some one has libelled me cruelly. Would you be surprised to hear that I never attended such a function in my life?'

'Oh, in that case we must go,' said the hostess good-naturedly. 'How many shall we be? There will be four of us—all you girls, with Mr Du Maurier—no fewer than seventeen altogether.'

'The invasion of Ross,' said Denton with a forlorn air. 'What a sensation we shall create! The army of Pencraig, under the command of Colonel Scobell.—Du Maurier, these knickerbockers of yours will cause a *furor*.'

The gallant Frenchman smiled, but without his usual airy assurance. He was by no means at ease, though he was somewhat grateful to Denton

for the opportunity afforded. 'It is a great disappointment, no doubt,' he said; 'but I shall not be there. I have important business calling me to town, and I shall be compelled to go to Hereford to-day. My charming hostess will forgive this unavoidable termination to the pleasantest of visits; but, ah! the stern calls of business; I shall be forced to take my leave early to-morrow.'

Phil looked up at the speaker, whose eyes were fixed upon him in a questioning manner, and nodded shortly. So long as the fascinating Horace would not be present at the fête, it was a matter of little moment whether he remained at Pencraig another night or not. This decision was none the less satisfactory because Phil had no intention of going himself. He had a little work to do, and a great deal to think about. He also had a clue in his hands, which, skilfully handled, would put an end to the painful coldness between Beatrice and himself. As he sat upon the terrace smoking a matutinal cigarette, Denton with a face of woe joined him.

'The die is cast!' he said. 'We are to go into Ross; though what we are going to do there is a social problem beyond ordinary understanding. I believe there is a fine church there, where we shall spend the customary ten minutes. What follows, I shudder to contemplate.'

'What a humbug you are!' Phil retorted. 'Just as if you won't enjoy yourself as well as the rest of them. I know what the programme will be, well enough. You will go down to Ross, taking care that you and Bertie pull the gig pair with Gwen and Nellie Moffat.'

'Not a bad idea,' said Denton, as if such a plan had been furthest from his thoughts. 'We have only to drop a hint to some of the women that the gig is not quite safe, and the thing is done.—Now, as to yourself?'

'I shan't go—at least I don't think so. I—I have some particular work to do. Only leave me that little oak dingey for this afternoon. I dare say I shall find time for a pull up to Hoarwithy and back.'

Denton whistled softly; he was too much a man of the world to inquire the reason for this unexpected determination.

'We shall be rather short of the nobler sex, in that case. Rashleigh cannot favour us with his desirable company; we shall mourn the absence of Horace the incomparable in silent despair.—What's to be done?'

But the unexpected arrival of three Oxford undergraduates, who had rushed over from Hereford owing to the collapse of a cricket match, satisfactorily solved the problem. The party resolved itself into a smaller one than had been at first anticipated, and as a matter of fact the limited number of floating craft rendered this imperative. It was past eleven before the three boats got under way and slid gradually out of sight round the bend. Phil stood upon the tiny wooden pier watching them, and smiling at the brilliant diplomacy of Denton's, which had been attended by triumphant success. He was not quite alone, for Miss Edith Moffat stood by his side, an unmistakable pout disfiguring her pretty lips.

'It is too bad!' she exclaimed, with tears in her voice. 'I am always left out.'

'Then why didn't you say you wanted to go?' asked Phil with scant sympathy. 'There was plenty of room in our boat.'

An April smile darted across Miss Edith's piquant little face, a saucy smile of meaning. 'There are four of them there, you know. And besides I heard Mr Trevor say the boat was not quite safe. Wasn't it brave of Nell and Gwen to risk such horrible danger?'

'Very,' said Phil dryly. 'You are naturally a courageous family. Still, if you can put up with such a commonplace cavalier as me, we will have a long pull this afternoon.'

'Delightful!—Only, there isn't a boat.'

'Oh, I took care of that. There is plenty of room in the little dingey, if you only sit still, and exactly in the centre. You and I will go as far as Hoarwithy directly after luncheon, and get back in time for dinner.'

Miss Edith looked up at the deep blue sky above the larch tassels, then down again to the swift running river, musical as it rushed over the brown pebbles. She gazed seriously out of her great eyes at her companion, as if she would read his thoughts. 'I wonder what you stayed behind for?' she asked abruptly.

'Now, I suppose that is what a woman would call gratitude.—My dear Edie, have you so soon forgotten the moral precepts of your school-mistress? But seriously, I have something important to do this morning. Don't ask me any questions, there is a good child.'

'I am very sorry, Phil,' Miss Edith replied with humility. 'If you would only let me help you a little. I—I understand that you'—

'You are a good little girl, and I am very grateful.—No; you can't help me, little one. I hope everything will come right in a few days. When it does, you shall be the first to know.'

Philip Decie was not the kind of man to make a confidant of any one; but the quick warm-hearted sympathy had touched him more deeply than he cared to own. Moreover, it was not like confiding in a stranger, for the girl had been an especial favourite of his ever since he had first known her an imperious little beauty aged seven. There had always been something in the frank innocence of her great gray eyes that drew him towards her, child as she was, as one noble nature is attracted by another. After this little interchange of sympathy, it came almost like a shock to Phil when he encountered Du Maurier strutting along the terrace, smoking one of his everlasting scented cigarettes.

The Frenchman's colour rose as he saw Decie approaching. He bore the air and manner of one who conquers his pride to ask a favour of an unrelenting and implacable enemy. 'You will recollect our little conversation of last night?' he asked.

'Um! I don't think it is likely either of us will forget it. Still, your memory seems to have proved somewhat treacherous. I made a certain stipulation as regards the duration of your stay here.'

'Which is precisely what I am going to mention,' Du Maurier exclaimed. 'I found it was impossible.'

'Impossible?' Phil returned, his face darkening. 'As for that'—

'Nay; hear me out, my impetuous friend. It

was impossible for me to go to-day, for the simple reason that I had not the means of taking myself away from here. Yesterday, I sent a telegram to a friend, who can and will refuse me nothing.'—

'Blackmail, probably,' Phil interrupted.—'Go on.'

'It matters not to you,' continued the Frenchman, with a flash of his glittering eyes, 'so long as this remittance comes. I go into Hereford this afternoon to get my letter, which shall wait for me at the bureau. But to-morrow mid-day shall see me gone.'

'I do not wish to be hard upon you,' said Phil, with a slight feeling of compunction. 'Neither did I seek this information. Still, I am satisfied.'

Du Maurier watched his rival as he turned away. His long thin fingers were tightly clenched, the cigarette in his mouth was crushed between the even white teeth in silent impotent consuming rage.

'*Ma foi*, but it is a fine thing to be one of these English aristocrats,' he said with a deep respiration. 'So cool, so contemptuous! I would give all I possess to have my gentleman on a nice level strip of turf with twelve paces between us. Still, I have my little revenge. La belle Rashleigh is proud; her self-respect is wounded. If it is not Horace Du Maurier, it will never be M'sieu Decie.—Ah! if it had not been for those bills!'

The dark scowl upon the Frenchman's face gradually changed to a sour smile. He rejoiced in a cat-like nature, only capable of those petty meannesses which make up the *summum bonum* of some men's lives. He looked at his watch, and finding it close upon twelve, set out with apparent determination of purpose across the fields. As he came into the high-road at some distance beyond, there was another individual awaiting him—Gerard Rashleigh. From the expression of the young undergraduate's face, the interview was neither self-sought nor pleasing.

'Ah, I thought you would not keep me waiting,' said Du Maurier. 'One cannot be too careful in a house like Pencraig, where no place is sacred against intrusion.—In one word, have you the money?'

'Money? Where can I get it from? It was only yesterday morning that you promised me another month.'

'Possibly, dear boy; only, this is a case what you call Hobson's choice. Many things have happened since yesterday. Your friend Decie—to put it plainly—insists upon my leaving Pencraig to-morrow.'

'You don't mean that!' Rashleigh exclaimed, every vestige of colour gone from his cheeks.

'Under the circumstances he would not dare'—

'He has dared, all the same; and I shall have to obey. See how one suffers for the little indiscretions of youth. It's hard upon me.'

'What particular rascality has Decie got hold of?' Rashleigh asked bluntly.

'I do not like that word, sir, and I will ask you to be careful. Still, as the poet says, *Arcades ambo*'—

'*Id est*—blackguards both,' Rashleigh finished.

'—Oh, why be nice about expressions, particularly when they are true! I wish to heaven I had never seen you. I wish—— But what is the

use of wishing? I am anxious to pay you this money; but I haven't got it, and that's the long and short of it. Some day, I shall make a clean breast of the whole thing.'

But Du Maurier was too familiar with these transient fits of repentance to be seriously alarmed; he merely laughed again and lighted another cigarette. 'It will be a black day for you when you defy me,' said he. 'You and I sink or swim together. If you wish to return to your buttercups and daisies, I shall not hinder you. Pay me four hundred pounds and you are free.'

'I haven't four hundred pence,' Rashleigh replied doggedly.

'Perhaps not; but I will show you how to get it. Let us take a long walk; it will soothe your nerves and clear your brain. And besides, I am going to show you the way to rid yourself of Horace Du Maurier, who, after all, is no greater scamp than you; only, he has the pluck, and you are a coward.'

The complacent hostess of Pencraig, who had not joined the Ross excursion, saw no objection to Decie's proposal for the afternoon. It was not often that the good lady had a long afternoon in peace, and the chronicles of the *Little Lord Fauntleroy* were of overpowering interest.

'My dear child, so long as you come home alive, you may do just what you please,' she said. 'Phil was always most trustworthy, even as a boy, and I am sure you will be safe with him.'

There was not a ripple on the water as the little craft left the landing-stage and took its way up-stream. Miss Edith sat with the crimson tiller-ropes over her shoulders, looking over the shining river before her from under the shade of a smart sailor hat with a truly nautical air. It was so quiet and pleasant there beneath the overhanging willows, and along through cool sombre shades cast by the trees in the sloping woods. There was just the rhythmic throb of sculls in the rowlocks, with tiny pools left by the sweeping blades.

'Now, don't you feel just as happy as if you had gone with the others?' asked Phil, when a mile or two had been covered. 'Probably by this time they are all hot and tired, and heartily wishing they had never met.'

'That is a slightly egotistical remark, Phil,' the fair coxswain observed; 'and I shall not pay you the compliment of replying. Besides, it is all very well to console yourself with sarcastic remarks, when you know that, under more favourable circumstances, I might have proved another Mariana of the Moated Grange for all you cared.'

'Um! A season in town hasn't improved you,' said Phil gravely. 'That's the worst of taking too much notice of very young ladies, they get so flippant.'

'Ah, but it isn't original,' said Edith serenely. 'I overheard much the same remark made in a London drawing-room one night; and the answer struck me as being so appropriate, that I remembered it—which is very creditable, and not a little risky, for I haven't the remotest notion who Mariana is.'

'Put it down to Tennyson or Shakespeare; it's sure to be one or the other.—Pull the

left-hand string; we shall be on the gravel in a minute.'

They had reached a broad bend in the river, where the stream widened, with low sloping meadows upon the one bank, and an eminence—upon which is situated the village of Hoarwithy—upon the other. At this point the stream takes a peculiar V shape, and is particularly puzzling to the amateur oarsman. Decie, pulling round sharply to miss the foreshore, struck the blade against a solid mass of rock and snapped it nearly off below the button.

'This is a pleasant thing,' he exclaimed ruefully.—'Will you get out and wait till the damage can be repaired, or stay here?'

Miss Edith treated this proposal with the scorn it merited. 'Get out? Certainly not.—There is at least four yards of mud between me and dry land.—No; you shall row me under that delightful shady alder, and fasten up. I don't suppose there will be any danger of my being spirited away till you return.'

Making the best of his broken implements, Decie succeeded at length in reaching the desired haven; and having fastened the dingey securely, scrambled up the bank with the fractured blade, though not without detriment to his spotless flannels, in search of the handy man, without which no village is complete. This individual, a bluff old fisherman in blue Guernsey frock and ducks, who combined the office of postman, publican, and carpenter to the village, expressed a cheery opinion of the damage. 'I can splice it as good as new in half an hour, your honour,' said he. 'You'd better step inside. And if you'll ask for the "strawberry Norman," you'll get as good a glass of cider as a man need wish to drink.'

As Phil knew both the man and his cider by reputation, he had no hesitation in taking the hint, though it is not always advisable to accept a west-countryman's dogmatic opinion upon this patriotic subject on every occasion. As Decie stood in the little bar alone, he was not a little astonished to hear from the room beyond, the door of which was only partially closed, the familiar voices of Du Maurier and Gerard Rashleigh. He was still more surprised to hear his own name so frequently mentioned.

'It's a blackguard thing to do,' Rashleigh exclaimed. 'I have done him harm enough already. I tell you I won't do it.'

'Not so loud: you don't want the whole parish to hear,' came the smooth seductive tones of the Frenchman. 'Surely, you would not scruple at such a little thing, after what you have already done.—Ah, that little yellow ticket was a masterpiece; a smooth touch so artful that it looked like nature itself. Now that Miss Rashleigh is convinced her lover is a thief'—

'Leave my sister out of it altogether,' Rashleigh exclaimed passionately. 'I tell you I won't have it. If it wasn't that I was afraid of you, I would tell Decie everything.—Why do you tempt me? It can do you no good.'

'It will give me revenge. But you have your alternative. To use one of your sweet insular phrases, the borrower is always the servant of the lender. Pay me what money you owe me, and my power is gone.'

'Would to heaven I could! There would be no hesitation then.'

'Decie would be delighted to accommodate you,' sneered Du Maurier. 'The paltry hundreds would be cheerfully paid, if you only cared to exercise this new and interesting fit of honesty. Why not ask him?'

'Because I have done him too much harm already. Because, if you must know, I am in his debt now. That bracelet affair'—

Decie, conscious for the first time that he was playing the part of an eavesdropper, stayed to hear no more. His face was very stern and set as he paid for the repair of the blade, and passed down the garden path with a curt 'Good afternoon' to the village genius.

'Seems as if he was upset,' remarked that worthy, 'and him so affable and perlit at first. Maybe missis ha' given he the "red streak" by mistake.'

For some minutes the boat was propelled towards Pencraig in silence. Miss Edith regarded her companion denfurely from the unclouded serenity of her gray eyes. 'You are looking very amiable,' she observed in the sweetest tones. 'You must have heard some particularly good news; that is, if your hurry to get back is any criterion.'

'Do I look amiable?' said Decie with an effort—'more amiable than usual? I have heard something; but whether it is good or bad, for the life of me I can't tell.' And with this enigmatic remark Miss Edith was fain to be content.

EUCALYPTUS HONEY.

At a meeting of the Pharmaceutical Society in London, a sample of Eucalyptus Honey was shown, and created much interest from the fact of its containing all the essential properties of those invaluable trees. (See *Chambers's Journal*, March 26, 1881). The existence of this peculiar honey was made known in 1884 by a French traveller, Mr Guilmeth, who, while exploring the island of Tasmania, noticed at the summit of one of the eucalypts a peculiar formation, which appeared to him to be a gigantic gall. Having for some time examined it through his glass, he was much surprised to notice that it was frequented by a legion of small black bees, which swarmed around the 'gall' or hive as it was now revealed to him. A strong desire to possess this hive led him to order his native followers to cut down the tree, which had a girth of seven metres and a height of eighty metres. The men before beginning their work were well protected over the face and hands; while Mr Guilmeth retired to a safe distance, to watch the proceedings of the bees during the time the men were at their laborious work of sawing through this large tree. At first, no notice was taken of them; but as progress was made, the explorer was much interested and amused by the sight which met his gaze. A swarm of the bees flew down to within a few yards of the toilers, and after flying around for a time rapidly returned to the hive, their places being filled by others. This curious behaviour of the bees continued until the tree was sufficiently cut through to be pulled to the ground by ropes. When the tree was finally laid low, the men were instructed to drive away

the queen, and this they did after a deal of shouting and beating of utensils. They would have fared very badly had they not been well protected, for the bees greatly resented this interference with their home. The hive and several bees which had lingered were captured, and the honey collected. Upon tasting the honey, Mr Guilmeth, much to his surprise, found that it possessed the characteristic odour and flavour of the eucalyptus essences. This he thought so important a discovery as to lead him to forward a shipment of it to a French doctor in Normandy for examination.

Upon carefully inspecting the bees that had been captured, they were found to be of a species not known in Europe, and accordingly the name of *Apis nigra mellifica* was provisionally given to them. They were of a smaller size than the common bee of Europe, and quite black, with a far more developed proboscis. Experiments failed to acclimatise it in Algeria and in France. It is curious to note that in Algeria, where the eucalypts have been acclimatised, it was sought to obtain this honey by means of the Algerian bee. All flowering crops were cut down, and the bees forced to turn their attention to the eucalypts, with the result that the bees gradually died. To prevent a disaster, fresh flowering plants had to be imported. The eucalypts being biennial, this honey is only obtainable every two years; but it does not during that period lose any of its important constituents. It is of a deep orange colour, of a transparent sirupy consistence in warm weather; but in this country it is usually partly solidified. It has the characteristic odour of the eucalyptus essences, and also their flavour. It is said to contain about sixty-two per cent. of the purest sugar, and over seventeen per cent. of the essential constituents of the eucalyptus, consisting of eucalyptol, eucalyptene, cymol, and terpene, all of which play an important part in the therapeutics of the present day. It was thought that a similar honey could be obtained by mixing these ingredients; and experiments were tried in Paris, but without success, as it was found that the ingredients gradually separated and volatilised off.

Eucalyptus honey is designed to take an important place as a therapeutical agent and as an article of food, on account of the unusually large percentage of sugar it contains and of the presence of the eucalyptus essences, the properties of which as antiseptics and deodorisers are well known. It is usually given in warm milk or warm water. One or two teaspoonfuls twice or thrice daily have produced beneficial effects on bronchitis, asthma, and diseases of the lungs and respiratory organs, producing elasticity of the lungs and a decided increase of the vocal powers. The breath is said to be perfumed, and a sense of warmth and well-being to pervade the body.

The field for such an important honey would almost appear unlimited, owing to its antiseptic properties; and already cases have been recorded of its use in typhoid gastric infection, whooping-cough, and catarrhs. As a substitute for cod-liver oil, the advent of eucalyptus honey will be hailed with delight by all who have to undergo the nauseous experience of a course of this oil, while its nutrient powers are not thought to be inferior. Much interest was created a short time since by the chemical analysis of the famous Trebizond

honey, which produces narcotic effects upon all who take it, followed by strong excitement and toxic effects. It was carefully analysed in this country, and its ingredients when separated were tried physiologically upon animals with a two-fold object: firstly, to ascertain the nature of the poison; and secondly, to determine, if possible, by this means the species of plant the bees producing this honey frequented. The results thus obtained led the experimentalists to suspect a certain plant; and communications were made to friends residing in the districts whence this honey was sent as to the names of the plants mostly abounding in the neighbourhood. It was thus ascertained that the bees relied upon a poisonous plant for their honey.

There are now many honeys containing either toxic properties or peculiar odours, which have been traced to the bees frequenting a certain plant; for instance, the Narbonne honey owes its peculiar flavour to the rosemary, which grows so profusely in the neighbourhood. Another instance is that of the Mount Hymettus honey, which derives its flower and odour from the labiates.

With such facts before us, we should not be surprised to see our Australian brethren's example followed in this country, and apiaries started for the production of honey of a distinct flavour, odour, and effect.

BABY-BEER-BULLETS!

A WESTERN SKETCH.

SUCH, in display type, with staring capitals and exclamation points, was the heading of an article in the *Daily Denver News* issued on the morning of Monday, April 11, 1887.

Denver, it is well known, is the chief city between Chicago and San Francisco. It is the centre of a great mining and agricultural district; it is the meeting-point of a network of railways; it boasts a cathedral, a state-house, a population of between seventy and eighty thousand, and a climate which entitles it to the proud appellation of the 'Queen City of America.' Rather more than twenty years ago it was a mere mining camp, unknown save to miners and cattlemen. The reports of discoveries of fabulous rich minerals in the Leadville Hills ten years ago attracted the attention of the entire continent. Capital and emigration flowed towards Colorado, and Denver was transformed from a rude settlement into a goody city, from a little coach-visited town into a world of rapid motion and rushing railways. The old order of things gave way before that great civiliser, the 'iron horse;' and the traveller of to-day finds it difficult to believe in the coach robberies of yesterday. London itself boasts not of better roadways, or of business houses more handsomely massive and solid in character. To a Cockney, to be sure, the glare and want of finish and harmony about the streets are not pleasant. To one who has been accustomed to move between the plain ripe old buildings of London, the advertisements and their 'uncommendable iteration' savour of vulgarity. But there is an air of bustle about the place, a ring of decision about the voices, a self-reliant

expression about the clear-cut American features, which tell of the healthy national business pulse which beats from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

It was Monday morning. I had arrived at Denver on the previous Sunday afternoon, on my way from New York to San Francisco. My desire to see western life, always great, had been 'fed fat' by my fellow-travellers. New York and its wonders had disappointed me: they were too much like London. Of my fellow-travellers, one was an American, whose angles had been rubbed off by intercourse with Europe; the other was an Englishman, the greater part of whose life had been spent in Arizona. George C. Warner, as the latter signed his cheques, had been led by circumstances to the West when the travelling was not to be accomplished with all the comfort to be obtained in a middle-class hotel. He did not profess to have been one of the pioneers of the West; but he had 'hoofed' the journey, and 'roughed' it when he reached his destination. His enterprise had been rewarded: he had made a fortune, and could now afford to travel like a millionaire. He was a good *raconteur*, and his voice, looks, and manner indicated a profound belief in all he said. Many and good were the stories with which he beguiled the hours after the novelty had worn off the journey, and when our clothes were saturated with alkali dust.

'I rec'lect once,' said Mr Warner, one evening when we were in the smoking-room, 'out in Ar'zona, bein' in a s'loon. We were just havin' dinner. There was a girl waitin' on us—you must know that girls ain't common in those parts—and the boys were pertiekler fond o' her. Wal, a man came in and sat down just opposite one o' the "boys." The girl brought him some half-dozen dishes, and amongst 'em some beans.

"Tek these beans away; I don't eat beans," said the stranger, in a voice savouring of command. It may ha' been that the girl didn't hear him, or it may ha' been that she kind o' resented the tone in which the order was given. Anyway, she didn't take any notice, and the stranger repeated his order in a still more peremptory manner. The girl put out her hand to remove the unwished-for dish.

"Stop! He does eat beans," said a cowboy, whipping out a revolver and covering the newcomer. Click! went the hammer. "Stranger, if you don't get away wi' them beans, I'll make cold-meat of you." The stranger *did* eat the beans.

"Bring him another plateful." It was brought and eaten in silence. This was repeated until five platefuls had been disposed of. Then the revolver was returned to its place, and the "boy" remarked to his fellow-diners, in a tone half explanatory and half justificatory, but wholly decisive: "I warn't a-goin' t' have the little girl insulted, anyway; don't you forget it!"

I ventured to hint that refusal to eat the beans would probably not have been followed by a punishment altogether so disproportionate to the offence as that to which the cowboy's conduct pointed. But Mr Warner seemed hurt by the suspicion, and gave me a look so full of contempt of my opinion, pity of my ignorance, and surprise at finding any one sceptical as to the honesty of the 'boy's' intentions, that never afterwards have I allowed a doubt as to the veracity of Mr

Warner's stories to appear in my face, still less have I translated my doubts into words.

'Wouldn't have shot him! Great Scott! wouldn't he? Why, I've seen a man shot because he ate peas with a fork, down in Ar'zona,' said Mr Warner, with a look of righteous indignation from which there could be no appeal.

I really believe these things did happen 'down in Ar'zona.' But the explanation for many atrocities too dreadful to be here mentioned, I gathered, was to be found in the fact that owing to climatic influences—chiefly, of course, the want of water—insanity obtained amongst a startling proportion of the inhabitants of Arizona. The forms which insanity there took were dreadful. In that country, every bush had a thorn, every insect a sting, and every man a revolver and bowie-knife. One can conceive what dire use such weapons as the knife and revolver would be put to by madmen. Indeed, on no other theory can the diabolical deeds said to be done in Arizona be accounted for. There lynch-law took summary vengeance; insanity was not admitted as any justification; asylums there were none; mitigating circumstances were not, and could not be, taken into account. Rye-whisky assisted the pestilential climate to produce criminals, who, if taken red-handed, were killed on the spot without trial of any kind.

Revenons à nos moutons. I have said that I had arrived at Denver on the previous afternoon. I was driven to the *Windsor Hotel*, a most elegantly appointed hotel in the modern Gothic style, built of Colorado stone trimmed with granite. My room looked out upon Larimer Street, the principal business thoroughfare. The hotel is a five-story building, and contains upwards of three hundred rooms. Nearly the whole of the basement is occupied by a spacious hall, known as the 'rotunda,' in which the chief exchange business of the town and neighbourhood is conducted. The whole building is lighted by electricity and heated by steam. An electric button places a well-disciplined army of attendants at the command of the traveller; the table is supplied with a wealth of milk, cream, vegetables, and fruit from a model farm owned by the Denver Mansion Company; and the Turkish, Electric, Russian, and Roman baths, also under the same management, are supplied, as is the hotel, from an artesian well for which many health-giving properties are claimed. The wants of the pleasure-seeker or the traveller are all anticipated in this truly palatial building.

I was sitting at the window, absorbing the sentiment and observing the people. Everything was bathed in beautiful sunlight, sunlight as beautiful as that of Naples. The atmosphere was that of summer rather than spring, and so clear, that the snow-capped heights of the Rocky Mountains, distant fifty miles, showed a dazzling brightness against the azure sky. The trees were putting forth buds, and here and there a lawn was bright with grass of a vivid green. Everybody seemed to be in the streets, enjoying the open air in light hats and very light overcoats. There was an unmistakable atmosphere of prosperity about the place, and an odd mixture of city and of country life. On each side, between the broad roadway and the markedly clean footways, ran a little stream of water.

The repose was broken by a patrol wagon containing armed men. It dashed up the street, turned to the right, and was lost to my view. The bystanders roused themselves; some few followed, as they would have followed a fire-engine, but the greater number quietly went their way.

Baby—Beer—Bullets!—Baby Lost Sight of in Beer and Blood.—Here, then, was the solution of the mystery of the patrol wagon. Was there anything comic about it? Shortly, the story was this. The Polish quarter of the town had been the scene of a brutal drunken riot. A woman named Mrs Mary Klunder invited her friends to celebrate the christening of her eight months' old baby. With her husband she lived in one of a row of single-story frame tenement houses in the centre of a district inhabited by foreigners employed chiefly in the iron-works of the town. Before the time for christening arrived, many of the men were intoxicated. A quarrel began. Somebody drew a revolver and fired two shots. The whole company then joined in a free fight, which was put an end to by a police patrol armed with Winchester rifles, but not before one man had been killed and two others seriously wounded. Between twenty and thirty persons were arrested and placed in jail.

According to the leading daily of Denver, at the beginning of the row, officer Hart 'sailed in, but they piled upon him, and at the first shower of bricks he sailed out.' That which officer Hart failed to accomplish was performed by the patrol wagon, containing a lieutenant and about twenty Winchester rifles, with sufficient ammunition to use if necessary. The patrol party took about twenty prisoners, who, bespattered with blood, with their clothes torn, their faces and hands scratched, and their hair dishevelled, looked more like scarecrows eloped from a cornfield than men. To complete the picture, there was a rough sketch of the room (lit up by an illuminated card of *Home, Sweet Home*), in which the holes in the walls looked like so many black beetles, in which the chairs were all 'split into toothpicks,' and in which a most saintly looking person—intended, I believe, to represent the murdered man—was depicted as though saying his prayers to the last of a row of beer barrels. The whole thing might have been got up by the reporter who put a funeral under the heading 'Amusements,' 'cause he got it up kind o' funny.

I went to see the prisoners in jail, and was present at their trial. The jailer was a negro. I complimented him with half a dollar and some tobacco; and with a bow and a grin he became my conductor. The prisoners were of the lowest type of humanity conceivable. Not one of them spoke a word of English. The Denverites complained, doubtless with justice, that their 'low-browed, brutal faces bespoke them to be of the lowest type of the foreigners who were shipped to that country to get them away from their native lands.' They were lodged in a structure called the 'bull-pen.' The jail consisted of a large chamber on the ground-floor of a handsome building which in England would be called a town-hall. The criminal court was on the first floor, and the rest of the building was set apart for public offices. There was nothing dungeon-like about the jail: it was light, and its furniture looked slight even

to frailty. The cells extended round the chamber. An iron partition divided one cell from another, and a gate of iron bars formed the front. In this case stone walls *did* a prison make, and iron bars a cage. No one had escaped, my conductor told me, but one man had been fetched out and lynched. Round the 'bull-pen,' which was a huge detached square cage in the centre, was a footway some six feet in breadth. The occupants of this den were amusing themselves in various ways. One was playing the part of a barber; thick and fast fell his comrade's locks as he ploughed away with a rusty pair of scissors which disdained to click. Some were taking their ease at full length on the straw; others were talking excitedly. They jabbered and gesticulated at me. My conductor interpreted this into a request for tobacco for chewing. At that time they were good-humoured and quiet. When first brought in they had been obstreperous; but a few buckets of water were thrown over them, and 'Lor' golly! them was quiet, you bet.

They were brought up for trial on the Tuesday. No interpreter could be found, and for a time it looked as if nothing could be done. The prisoners were formed in a line which reached from one wall to the other. With their caps in their hands, they looked dazedly at the judge. The baby was in evidence, and, like Dickens's poor little consumptive, 'seemed to wonder what it was all about.' At length an interpreter was secured. The attempt to find out their names led to great confusion. The interpreter seemed almost as much at sea as the prisoners. The counsel for the prosecution was obliged to remind him that one of the prisoners had had four names, and it was ultimately decided to christen him 'Philip Flatlip.' Another prisoner was so loquacious that the interpreter was commanded to 'stop his talk.' By the time their names were ascertained, the judge was exhausted, and adjourned the inquiry for a week.

That evening I visited the theatre. Mrs Langtry played Lady Clancarty before an immense audience. The gentlemen of the gallery, who know a good thing when they see it, warmly applauded her sensational fall. In truth, it is the most startling fall ever seen upon the stage. And when, in the last act, she declared, clinging wildly to Mr Charles Coghlan, that 'her country was in her husband's arms,' there was a wild hurroo of delight, and a voice yelled, 'Bravo, miss!' Mr Coghlan was still more successful in 'holding the mirror up to nature,' and the Denver critic who insisted that the *feu sacré* did not burn within Mrs Langtry, admitted that Coghlan had genius—and genius is not lavishly dispensed by nature.

I left for San Francisco on the following morning. For me, the B. B. B. tragedy was over. I learned subsequently that one of the actors in it suffered the death penalty.

Yes, the romantic cowboy is gone. Gentle dry-goods men and dainty bank clerks march about under the cowboy's attractive headgear; but no one fears their fierceness; for, instead of a black muzzle under the hat, a tobacco-stained chin, their chins are 'new-reaped, and show like stubble-lands at harvest-home.' Yes, the broad-shouldered, black-moustached, generous highwayman, who killed the father and fell in love with the daughter, who preached better than the parson

and set bones better than the doctor, whose face none had ever seen, and at whose name travellers trembled—where is he? He is as much a thing of the past as Julius Cæsar. Civilisation is fatal to the growth of such beautiful children of nature, and extended knowledge renders belief in their existence impossible. They have gone into the limbo of the past; and the solitary horseman who is seen wending his way up the gulch is probably as peaceable as you or I.

FINDING WATER BY THE DIVINING ROD.

WITH reference to the paper on 'Modern Divination' which appeared in this *Journal* (February 18, 1888), we have received the following communications:

You may perhaps be surprised to hear that there are numbers of intelligent readers of your *Journal* that believe implicitly in the 'dowsing rod' for finding water, and that those readers include noblemen, gentlemen, parsons, bishops, officers of the army, engineers, magistrates, and others. The chief 'water-wizards' at present are John Mullens and Lawrence; and the first can, I know, furnish a volume of testimonials to his powers from parties such as I have named. John Mullens has operated in very many places in England, and as far north as Dundee and other places in Scotland. He belongs to the same county as Lawrence, is a working-mason on a gentleman's estate, and an unpretending honest man, who, if desired, sinks and builds his own wells, and charges nothing if the water is not found. He prefers to be employed after long droughts, as water found then, he reasonably concludes, will generally be from a permanent source. In wet seasons, he says 'there is water everywhere,' and the good springs are consequently worse to find. He has been employed here several times to find water, after much expense had been incurred with engineers and others, and has always been successful, although at first most of us doubted his powers. I have tested him in every possible way, and he has never failed. No one now hereabouts doubts his powers. The vicar was perhaps the most incredulous until he had tested the man thoroughly. What convinced him most being that when Mullens was asked to find water in his flower-garden, he set out accurately the running sewer from his house for a long distance—not a trace of which was discernible above ground, and which no one knew but the vicar. He did other work of the same kind at the mansion here, finding an old disused sewer, the existence of which was suspected, but, although searched for, could not be found.

He has been employed, I believe, on similar duties by the London authorities. He discovered our water-mains and branches here wherever he crossed them in the course of his journeys, greatly to the surprise of an engineer from Sheffield who constructed our reservoirs, and who followed John 'afar off' for several days. The same engineer afterwards confessed to the writer that he was puzzled; but he admitted the man's powers. Mullens used the hazel and thorn 'twig' only. No member of his family has the 'gift,' hence everything has to be done by himself. He asks

no assistance save a 'twig,' cut close by, and a lad to follow behind and put a peg in where he makes a mark with his heel. He charges his fare and a modest fee, and is willing to submit to any reasonable test. He does not profess to explain his power, knows little or nothing about science, and is rather illiterate. Not a few large breweries and manufactories owe their water-supply to him. He does not profess to find *still* water: it must be *running*. In the case of the water-mains here, the 'twig' turned up above the pipe in fields, woods, and highways where no sign of the ground having been disturbed appeared, the pipes having been long down, and no one knowing anything about their whereabouts but the waterman, and he depends on the map when he seeks them.

I do not attribute the man's gift to anything supernatural, but to natural causes not yet understood. That water can be found by the man in the way described, I have no doubt whatever; and I am equally sure he will confound any sceptic who tries him. Mullens says a 'twig' from a variety of trees will do, but the hawthorn and hazel are the most active; and the way the point whirls round in a moment above water is marvellous. The 'twig' is Y-shaped; and the man, holding a leg firmly in each hand and the point downwards, steps slowly forward, stooping. On one occasion I held one end of the 'twig,' where it projected through his hand, the vicar holding the other end, both firmly, Mullens simply holding it, but without the power to move it up or down, yet it whirled round as before, except where we held it, and consequently *twisted* the bark into wrinkles by the force it exercised.

Another correspondent writes: My attention having been drawn to your article upon the use of the divining rod in finding water, I beg to give you my experience upon the matter. About four years ago I was invited by a land-agent in a neighbouring parish to meet him and a man whom he had sent for from the neighbourhood of Bristol, who, he stated, could find water with a divining rod. At first, I decided I would not go on such a wild-goose chase as I thought it would turn out; but afterwards I changed my mind and went to meet them. The rod consisted of a small branch of white-thorn about eighteen inches long in the shape of the letter Y. When the man—who was a mason—tried to find water, he walked slowly over the ground clasping the rod firmly with both hands near to the forked branches; and when the branches moved upwards, he said there was a spring of water below, and gave his opinion as to the depth of it from the surface. I was sceptical about the rod, and thought he moved it by some sleight-of-hand; but in the course of the day I was convinced it was not so. We afterwards came to a small stream of water by the side of a road caused by a heavy shower of rain. I asked the man to test it. I took hold of the rod as well as himself, in order to prevent the stick from twisting about; but in crossing the water I could not stop it doing so. I then held it with a pair of pincers, which had the desired effect as regarded that portion of the rod, but not so with the forked branches; in twisting upwards, each branch was split in the middle of them.

I engaged the mason to look over an estate of which I had the management, and some por-

tion of which was short of water. I took him to some deep wells of which I knew the depth. He was able to tell me the depth within a few feet. We next proceeded to a farmyard where there was a short supply of water, and where I wished to sink a well. He fixed upon a place, and said there was water about sixty feet from the surface. This proved to be correct. Afterwards, I had a well sunk, and found a tolerable supply of water.

He was taken to two other parts of the estate where I was anxious to get a supply of water; but he could not find any there. I afterwards tested him with places where I knew there was water, first at a small spinney, when he immediately said: 'There is a large supply of water here and bubbling near the surface.' This was the case. A spring about fifty yards off, and which he could not see, as the trees intercepted his view, supplied this village with a constant supply of water. Afterwards we came to a field where water was conveyed by a drainage-pipe from a fishpond to the kitchen gardens. When the man crossed the field where the drainpipe was laid, the rod immediately twisted about. Lastly, he was taken to another pipe which was laid under the highway to convey water from a pump in the woodyard to the stables. When he crossed it, the rod twisted up.

INSECT TORMENTS OF BRAZIL.

INSECTS in all countries often possess an extensive power of annoyance greatly in contrast with their diminutive size. They appear to combine the maximum of effect with the minimum of effort in a very scientific fashion. Brazil is specially favoured with parasitic torments; and even if those who are to the manner born become case-hardened, the traveller from climes where insect-life is less offensive in its attacks, can never be wholly reconciled to his lot. Even the most generous of Christians harbours a revengeful spirit against his bloodthirsty but minute assailants, which are at once puny and powerful.

Take the bush-tick, for example. Of this diminutive monster there are three species, of which the largest is about three-quarters of an inch in diameter. We are told that this insect was known to the ancients; but it is very unlikely that they enjoyed its acquaintance. There are three varieties: *Ixodes ricinus*, *Ixodes plumbeus*, and *Ixodes reticulatus*. The Latin name was derived from its supposed resemblance to the ripe bean of the *Palma Christi*. The Brazilian name is *carrapato*; and when examined under a magnifying-glass, it is seen to be furnished with a weapon of offence in the form of a trident of teeth, which are serrated inwards. It has also three pair of legs, and each leg is provided with strong hooked claws. Enormous quantities of the eggs are laid upon the ground; and the young ones as they creep out climb up the plants and catch at any passing animal which brushes past, and fatten on it. When Mr H. W. Bates was in the highlands of Brazil, he had to devote an hour at the end of his daily rambles to picking off the carrapatos that clung to him by their incisive fangs. The infliction is so dreadful, that horses and cattle sometimes die from the exhaustion caused by the bites of these creatures, which settle in swarms.

The traveller soon has the appearance of a person suffering from shingles. Sometimes the attacks bring on ricinian fever, just as in Russia, people may suffer from puliculous fever. The rainy season kills many of the carrapatos, and they also fall a prey to the birds; and the criema, in particular, is never shot by the natives, because they know the value of its services in thinning the ranks of the multitudinous blood-sucking *Ixodes*.

Another insect torment of Brazil is the Jigger, or *Pulex irritans*, *Pulex subintrans*, *Pulex minimus*, *Pulex penetrans*. These interesting creatures make their home chiefly in the human foot, and hence are known to the Brazilians as *bichos do pé* (foot-beasts). Mr H. C. Dent had five of these unwelcome guests from January to June, and they took up their abode in the following localities: the first on the right big toe, second on the right heel, third on the left heel, and two under the sole of the left foot. He had to cut them out.

Still worse are the *verne*, which attack indifferently cattle and human beings. With animals, they appear to raise a large hard lump, so that they probably reside in the skin after the fashion of the ox-warble in this country. Sir Richard Burton says that stories are current of negroes losing their lives from the *berno*. The grub is deposited in the nose and other parts of the body, and if squeezed to death, instead of extracted, it festers, and produces serious consequences. Children of three months' old may suffer from a visitation of the *berno*. Some of the natives, in the case of adults, apply a burning stick to the wound, in order to destroy the worm. Mercurial ointment is also used. Mr Dent's dog was one mass of sores from the *bernos* and *bichos do pé*, and it was pitiable to see him, when running about, turn round almost every minute and, with a pitiful whine, bite his wounds until they were raw. Such are some of the pleasures of the insect world of Brazil.

UNSUNG HEROES.

So long as the world and the heart are young,
Shall deeds of daring and valour be sung;

And the hand of the poet shall throw the rhyme
At the feet of the hero of battle-time.

But nobler deeds are done every day
In the world close by, than in fight or fray.

There are heroes whose prowess never sees light,
Far greater than ever was ancient knight.

In many a heart lies a secret tale
That would make the Homeric legends pale;

And oft is a deed of valour untold
Which is meet to be written in letters of gold!

J. S. FLETCHER.

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